

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mdme Sembrich.—Mdle Turolla.—Mdme Scalchi.

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 10,** will be performed MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS," concluding at the end of the Third Act. Valentina, Mdle Turolla; Margherita di Valois, Mdme Sembrich; Urbano, Mdme Scalchi; Conte di San Bris, M. Gailhard; Conte di Nevers, Signor Cotogni; Marcello, Signor Vidal; and Raoul di Nangis, Signor Gayarré.

### LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY next, July 12, JULES COHEN'S Opera, "ESTELLA." Estella, Mdme Adolina Patti; Dorotea, Mdle Macilla; Mengo, Signor Cotogni; Don Juan II, Signor Vidal; and Fabio, Signor Nicolini. Conductor—Signor Brevigiani.

TUESDAY next, July 13, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Mdme Sembrich (her last appearance this season).

WEDNESDAY next, July 14, BELLINI'S Opera, "I PURITANI." Mdme Albani, Signor Gayarré, Signor Graziani.

### Benefit of Mdme Adolina Patti.

THURSDAY next, July 15, ROSSINI'S Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Mdme Adolina Patti, Mdme Scalchi, M. Gailhard.

### Benefit and Last Appearance this Season of Mdme Albani.

FRIDAY next, July 16, the First and Second Acts of THOMAS'S Opera, "MIGNON." Mdme Albani, Mdme Scalchi, Mdle Valleria, M. Engel, Signor Vidal. After which a Scene from BELLINI'S Opera, "NORMA," in which Mdme Albani will sing the grand Scena, "Casta Diva."

### Last Night of the Season and Last Appearance of Mdme Adolina Patti.

SATURDAY next, July 17, VERDI'S Opera, "LA TRAVIATA." Mdme Adolina Patti, Signor Nicolini, Signor Graziani.

Doors open at Eight o'clock; Opera commences at Half-past. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 1s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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### "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR VERNON RIGBY** will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Birmingham, on Monday, July 12.

### "I NAVIGANTI."

**MISS JESSIE ROYD, MR VITTON, and Mr FRANK WARD** will sing RANDEGGER's popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE MARINERS"), at Mdme Tatford's Concert at Steinway Hall, on Monday, July 12th.

### "WHY DID I LOVE HER?"

**MR JOHN CROSS** will sing, accompanied by the Composer, HENRY PONTÉ's new Song, "WHY DID I LOVE HER?" (expressly composed for Mr Cross), at Mdme Tatford's Concert, July 12th.

### "THE LADY OF THE LEA."

**MDME TATFORD** will sing HENRY SMART's popular Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at her Concert, Steinway Hall, July 12th.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

### LAST NIGHT OF THE SUBSCRIPTION SEASON.

**Mdme Etelka Gerster.—Second Appearance of Signor Ravelli.**

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 10,** will be performed DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Ravelli (his second appearance); Enrico, Signor Galassi; Raimondo, Signor Monti; and Lucia, Mdme Etelka Gerster (her second appearance in that character this season).

### Grand Extra Night.

MONDAY next, July 12, third performance of "MEFISTOFELE." Mdme Etelka Gerster.

TUESDAY next, July 13, "I PURITANI." Elvira, Mdme Etelka Gerster (her first appearance in that character this season).

THURSDAY next, July 15, fourth night of "MEFISTOFELE."

Doors open at Eight. The Opera will commence at 8.30, except on Monday and Thursday next (performances of *Mefistofele*), when the opera will commence at 8.0.

Stalls, 21s.; Dress Circle, (first two rows), 15s.; other Rows, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls (first two rows), 10s. 6d.; other Rows, 7s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 4s.; Gallery, 2s.

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The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of HANDEL'S Oratorio, "THE MESSIAH," will take place THIS DAY (SATURDAY), July 10th, at ST JAMES'S HALL, at Half-past Two o'clock. Mrs Osgood, Miss Adela Vernon, Mdme Bolingbroke, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Sidney Tower, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Signor Foll. Principal Violin—Mr J. T. Willy. Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. Organist—Mr E. J. Hopkins. Conductor—Mr W. G. CUSINS. Subscribers of One Guinea are entitled to Two Area Stalls; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; all the principal Music-sellers; and of Mr Austin, Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The second of Mr Gye's promised novelties came out on Saturday night, and, thanks in a great measure to the general excellence of the performance, was received with favour. *Les Bluets* of M. Jules Cohen, the well-known French pianist, and professor of accompaniment at the Paris Conservatoire, was first represented at the late Théâtre-Lyrique, in the autumn of 1867, with Christine Nilsson, then almost at the outset of her brilliant career, as the heroine. Though in four acts (ominous subdivision!) *Les Bluets* had no pretension to be more than a "light opera"; nor, indeed, in its present shape, with accompanied recitative, and other modifications, comprising some additional numbers, can it, or does it, assume to be anything else. In its new and extended form it fits the Italian stage just as well as many other French lyric dramas that have been used to similar purpose. Full of agreeable, if not always quite original, melody, accompanied by no insignificant skill in the design and treatment of *morceaux d'ensemble*, and, last not least, by a certain sense of dramatic propriety, it can hardly fail to please amateurs who care not greatly to have their attention always kept upon the stretch, or their ears tormented by inexplicable chords and noises which, according to the estimate of reasonable judges, fall more or less within the category of the "sham profound." Take *Estella* for what it affects to be, and there is little really to complain of; on the contrary, there is much to rejoice in. About the libretto, supplied to the composer by MM. Cormon and Trianon, the less said the better. It is by no means either dramatic or interesting. Don Juan, Prince of Castille, has married a girl beneath his station, whom, on his accession to the throne, he is compelled to repudiate for a spouse of royal descent. By both wives he has sons—the one, Don Fabio, issue of the early marriage, a valiant warrior; the other, his lawful heir, an effeminate and dissolute prince, who dies (conveniently) sooner than expected. Whereupon Don Juan II. plans a marriage between Don Fabio and a cousin of his own. To this Don Fabio, enamoured and pledged to Estella, sister of a rich farmer, objecting, escapes to the home where, unconscious of his rank, he has solicited and won the affections of his beloved. The King, however, follows them, in due course, and revealing to Don Fabio the secret of his birth, persuades that easily convinced young gentleman to accompany him to the Cathedral of Penafiel. There, with due ceremonial, the King abdicates in favour of his son, who thus proclaimed monarch of Castille and Léon, forgetting Estella, with whom, in happier times, he used to gather *bluets* in the cornfields, abandons himself with undisturbed composure to his new and exalted position. Estella, loyal and resigned, submitting to the decree of fate, retires to a nunnery and takes the veil. The only character in the *dramatis personæ* for whom sympathy can possibly be felt is Estella, the others being little better than lay figures. Happily at Covent Garden the representative of this submissive heroine is Adelina Patti, who both acts and sings the part in such perfection as to afford criticism no standing ground. The general observations already offered with regard to the music of M. Jules Cohen must suffice. Enough, with respect to Mme Patti's share in the opera, that among several pieces calculated to produce effect, the waltz, "Ah! spero ancor" (familiar under the French title, "Ah! quel espoir") creates a marked sensation not a little enhanced by the *obbligato* flute accompaniment of Messrs Radcliff and Young, which seems to dwell upon the vocal phrases of the gifted songstress as though an essential part of them. The other leading characters are sustained by Signor Nicolini (an excellent Fabio), Signor Cotogni (Mengo, Estella's brother), M. Vidal (Don Juan), and Mlle Mantilla (Dorothea, the King's cousin). The general execution of the music, choral and orchestral, under the able direction of Signor Bevignani, who has more consideration for the voices and requirements of singers than is invariably observed at this establishment, leaves little to desire. On the whole *Estella* is a by no means unwelcome addition to the Covent Garden *répertoire*, and if drawn upon at intervals, "few and far between," is (with Mme Patti as the heroine) pretty sure to find admirers. On Monday night a new contralto, Mlle Malvezzi, made her *début* here, as Maddalena, in

*Rigoletto*, achieving what may be called a *succès d'estime*. This lady's voice is pure of its kind, and the method of using it thoroughly legitimate. Moreover, she acts with a certain natural ease and unrestraint, as though accustomed to the lamps. The other leading characters in Verdi's popular work were filled, as previously, by Mme Albani, Signors Gayarré, Silvestri, and Graziani. Mme Albani has not been in better voice throughout the season, and she has rarely sung with more impassioned expression. Signor Graziani was the earnest and picturesque Rigoletto all know and none can forget. For next week, the last of the season, six performances are announced—one on each successive evening.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The long expected *Mefistofele* of Arrigo Boito—poet and composer in one (like Richard Wagner, with whom he has much in common)—was produced on Tuesday night, under the direction of Signor Ardit. The house was crowded, and it may be stated, without preamble, that the result was a brilliant and complete success. This success may be looked upon as extraordinary when it is remembered how long and firm a hold the *Faust*, (or rather *Faust and Margaret*) of Gounod has obtained on the public sympathy of this and other countries. The fact, however, that the Italian composer and librettist differs in almost every essential particular from the French composer and librettists, to a great extent diminishes the surprise. Instead of confining himself to the episode of Gretchen, Boito has endeavoured to exemplify in his work the whole life of Faust, as set forth in Goethe's comprehensive design. We have not only the death of Margaret, as in the first, but the death of Faust, as in the second, part of the representative epic of modern German thought; and both being saved, the poet's symbol is interpreted with all its deep significance. Thus much for the book, in planning which Signor Boito has shown the finest discrimination. Fragmentary as it may appear to desultory thinkers, it contains the germ of the whole idea. At the same time, that it is suited to ordinary operatic treatment can hardly be admitted, no matter how adroitly the poet-composer, after his light, has used it for the contemplated end, which must have revealed itself more suggestively to him than it could possibly have done to any musician previously unacquainted with the characters, incidents, and general development of the poem. Respecting the music itself, another hearing will enable us to speak independently, with the consciousness of an opinion built upon sure foundations. Such a work as *Mefistofele* cannot be dismissed once for all in a few brief and hasty sentences; on the contrary, it requires, and is worthy of, serious consideration. At present a very few words about one of the most admirable performances given of late years at Her Majesty's Theatre must suffice. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* was in most respects all that could be desired, even by Sig. Boito himself—who can hardly have witnessed so consummately natural and, at the same time, artistic embodiment, in one and the same person, of the Gretchen and Helen of his own conception, as that of Mme Christine Nilsson. Without entering into details, for which space is wanting, we may briefly say that the now universally accepted "Swedish Nightingale," by this her latest assumption has added fresh laurels to a brow already overcharged. Her Margaret was the Margaret of Goethe and Boito (not the Ary-Schefferised Margaret of Gounod and his two librettists); her Helen was the very type of antique grace and beauty; so that we had before us, first the "romantic," then the "Grecian" ideal, which at the end seemed fused and moulded into one. Signor Campanini was the Faust we all know so well—in one part as in the other the same marked individuality. Mme Trebelli was the Martha of the first, and the "Pantalis" of the second part—in both, it is needless to add excellent; and Signor Grassi "doubled" the characters of Wagner and Nereus. The Mephistopheles of Signor Nannetti (who, with Signor Campanini, first appeared in the opera of Signor Boito at Bologna) is in every respect a notable performance—open, however to criticism as it is to praise. With such a combination it is not surprising that all the vocal music should fare well. The orchestra



was throughout what might have been expected from such a body of executants, in a work so new and strange as to excite all their interest and rivet all their attention. *Palman qui meruit ferat.* The orchestra, as Sir John Falstaff would say, is a "great matter;" and undoubtedly it had much to do with the success of *Mefistofele*. The audience was fairly enthusiastic. Mlle Etelka Gerster has returned and already appeared in her well-known characters of Lucia, Amina, and Linda.—*Graphic*.

#### MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Sardon's most recent comedy, *Daniel Rochat*, was performed at the Salle Monsigny on Wednesday last by a company of artists who are starring in the provinces under the directorship of M. Ch. Masset. The piece, familiar on account of the subjects of which it treats (civil marriage and divorce), needs no fresh description. The acting of M. Masset and Mlle Largillière in the principal characters was excellent, and they were well supported by MM. Alexandre, Faivre, Cartier, Aubert, and Guillon; Mmes De Breuil, Vallière, and De Riberpré. The company is not unknown to the Boulonnais, and two years ago I recorded a success of theirs in the *Musical World*, when they played Victor Hugo's *Hernani*.

M. Champagne began his season on Saturday, the 26th, with Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, and, as all the artists were new comers, it is early to give positive opinions as to their capabilities. However, taken as a whole, they seem to form a good average company. Mlle Fougère, first *chanteuse légère*, has much executive facility, and was more at home in the character of Elizabeth, in *Le songe d'une nuit d'été*, last night, than in that of Athénaïse de Solange, in *Les Mousquetaires*, on Saturday. Mlle Dujardin, first *dugazm*, pleased on both occasions. M. Rodeville, first *ténor léger*, promises well, but his voice is not powerful. The second tenor is M. Sylvan, and the first *basse*, M. Longrois, who has a good voice and an admirable humour. The orchestra, under a new conductor, M. Lair, was, at times, too noisy, especially in Thomas' opera, the orchestration of which is so delicate.

Many Boulonnais have spoken to me complaining of M. Champagne's choice of artists; but, as he intends to give operas *comique* and *bouffe*, vaudevilles, translations, &c., only, what reason have they to grumble? All remember the constant change of singers at the beginning of last season—merely to suit the tastes of amateurs, who would fain have the first singers from Paris or London to give them "grand opera" for nothing! X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, June 30, 1880.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the Sterndale Bennett prize (purse of ten guineas) was competed for on Monday, the 5th inst. The examiners were Messrs Francesco Berger, W. Dorrell, and Charles Hallé (chairman). There were 24 candidates, and the prize was awarded to Miss Dinah Shapley. Two additional prizes (five guineas each, presented by Messrs Dorrell and C. Hallé) were awarded to Misses Amy Hare and Maud Willett.

PRESENTATION TO HERR MEYER LUTZ.—The Committee of the Scarborough Cliff Bridge Company have passed a resolution to the effect that while accepting, with great regret, the unavoidable withdrawal of Herr Meyer Lutz from the appointment of musical director of the company, a position he has ably held for thirteen years, they desire to place on record their deep sense of the great professional ability and unwearied zeal which so greatly contributed to the success of the musical services at the Spa. This resolution, signed by Mr. S. North-Smith, Mayor of Scarborough, and Mr. F. Goodricke, general manager of the company, was ordered to be illuminated, framed, and forwarded to its intended recipient. Herr Lutz is better known in London through the position he has so ably occupied as musical director of the Gaiety Theatre, Strand, since its very first opening, under the direction of the unsuadable John Hollingshead. *Hoch!*

#### COMPOSERS versus PUBLISHERS, &c.

*Quod est demonstrandum.*

That the meeting of composers at Mr Arthur Sullivan's chambers on Wednesday evening is likely to turn the course of the world is not anticipated. Messrs Randegger, J. F. Barnett, Leslie, Barnby, F. H. Cowen, J. Roedel, Blumenthal, Ganz, Pinsuti, Gatty, Diehl, Molloy, Mattei, Marzials, and Maybrick were present, and Mr Sullivan was voted to his own chair. The composer of *H.M.S. Pinafore* stated that the object of the meeting was to form some plan to prevent publishers from gaining so much profit on successful compositions and to prevent them from selling their rights to other publishers without the composer's consent. As may be expected from a meeting of gentlemen not too well versed in habits of business, there was a good deal of desultory debate, but in the end a resolution was come to whereby the song writers resolved to form a protection society. All this seems to be a good deal of bother about a trivial matter. Song writers can hardly expect to receive all the profits of successful songs, while they leave the publishers to bear the loss on the thousands which fail. The market is free, and there is sufficient competition among publishers to enable composers to get all and probably more than their songs are worth. Nobody forces the song writers to sell. They can publish themselves if they care to bear the risk, but when they have made their contract with the publishers it is childish to complain because one song out of a thousand becomes a valuable property. If any nonsensical ideas of the payment for songs be put forward by this new society, it is not unlikely that the publishers will meet organization by organization. The publishing business is one which requires not only experience and large business tact, but capital for printing, advertising, giving concerts, and paying artists. The song writers are welcome to form a society and pass such resolutions as they please. But the general impression is that they are already paid too much rather than too little for the works with which they flood the market, and that before the price for drawing-room ditties be raised they should improve in quality. CHERUBINO (*London Figaro*).

AMATEUR OPERATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.—Two brilliant entertainments were given last week by Mrs Richmond Cotton, of 43, Cromwell Houses. On Wednesday and Thursday a large and fashionable audience assembled to witness the performance of Vincent Wallace's *Lurline*, by a clever body of amateur musicians. Miss C. Borrodale as the heroine, and Miss Cotton as Ghiva, sang throughout with effect. They were ably supported by Miss Webb as Liba, Mr Colnaghi as Count Rudolph, Mr Dundas Gardner as the Rhine King, Mr Sydney Cotton as the Baron, and a well trained chorus. The scenic arrangements (the work also of amateurs) were perfect. The coral caves and Count Rudolph's castle elicited the warmest applause. The Comedietta, *Our bitterest foe, was the lever du rideau*.—A. E.

THE COFFEE MUSIC HALLS COMPANY.—The purpose of the Coffee Music Halls Company is to satisfy a want and remedy an evil the existence of which, in large English towns, is notorious. Briefly, it may be described as that of supplying nightly recreation for the working and lower middle classes, freed from intoxicating drink and its accompanying evils. The company seeks an entertainment to which a man may take his wife and daughters, and which will meet the wishes of the great majority of hard-working people in London. It is proposed to begin, as soon as sufficient capital has been subscribed, by opening one large hall in some suitable neighbourhood. In support of the movement a drawing-room meeting was held recently at the town residence of Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P., 34, Belgrave Square, the hon. baronet presiding. Among those present were the Marchioness of Lothian, Mr Hodgson Pratt, Mr Probyn, Dr Norman Kerr, Mr Richard Edgecombe, &c. The gathering having been addressed by the chairman, Dr Norman Kerr explained the aims sought by the promoters, sketched the arrangements already effected, and glanced at the prospects of success. Mr Probyn proposed and Mr Edgecombe seconded a resolution declaring the movement entitled to support on the ground of public usefulness; Mr Hodgson Pratt, seconded by Dr Kerr, proposed a resolution expressing an opinion that it was desirable that musical entertainments be provided apart from alcoholic drinks, &c. Both were unanimously adopted. A vote of thanks having been passed to Sir Harcourt Johnstone, the meeting dispersed.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The renown of a composer may fitly be pleaded as a reason for honouring his works, and the history of any work in particular may explain the choice of it for further distinction. Let us see how this applies to the production of M. Jules Cohen's *Estella* on Saturday night. M. Cohen is, undoubtedly, a man of mark in his own country, and, unless he be a spoiled child of Fortune, we can only explain the opportunities he has enjoyed on the assumption that he is also a man of talent. Besides attaining a high place at the Conservatoire and on the staff of the Opéra, M. Cohen has had his works performed not only at the Opéra Comique and the Théâtre Lyrique, but at the Académie Nationale itself. More than this, he has connected his name with the most illustrious stage in the world, by writing music for the choruses of *Athalie*, *Esther*, and *Psyché*, when those dramas were revived, not many years since, at the Comédie Française. A man cannot be and do all this without reason. Yet, oddly enough, M. Jules Cohen is, out of France, scarcely so much as a name. Till Mr. Gye announced *Estella* as forthcoming, probably not one English amateur in a hundred remembered having heard of him. It was not, therefore, to satisfy either a public sense of justice or curiosity that the Covent Garden manager resolved upon introducing M. Cohen to an English audience. Nor do we find the manager's reason in the history of the chosen work. *Estella*, or, as it was originally called, *Les Bluets*, was first produced at the Lyrique, Oct. 23, 1867, with Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle Tual, M. Troy, and M. Lutz in the principal characters. The Swedish artist was, at that time, what we all remember her to have been when she stepped upon the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre as a brilliant and fascinating Violetta. It goes without saying, therefore, especially as the composer wrote *Estella*'s music to suit Mdlle. Nilsson, that M. Cohen brought out his opera under circumstances of extraordinary good fortune. But the luck of *Les Bluets* appears to have soon deserted it. After about ten representations the work was withdrawn, and we cannot discover that it has since succeeded in obtaining a permanent footing anywhere, the theatre of Monaco, perhaps, excepted. We argue nothing against *Les Bluets* on this account, since many a noble creation of art has been for long years despised and rejected. It is obvious, however, that Mr. Gye did not add the opera to his repertory of a brilliant and commanding success.

The question now arises whether anything in the story of *Estella*, or in its poetic treatment, is a recommendation to honour. The story will answer for itself, even when merely sketched. Don Juan, King of Castille, has two sons, one his acknowledged heir, the other the fruit of an early and now disavowed marriage with a plebeian girl. The infant is idle and vicious—for which reason, perhaps, he is kept entirely in the background; but Fabio, the child of the lowly mother, is a brave and gallant gentleman. Fabio, not knowing the secret of his birth, thinks himself at liberty in affairs of the heart, and incontinent falls in love with Estella the sister of a wealthy farmer, Mengo. The King, his father, hears of this, and, having his own views of the young man's destiny, causes Estella to be seized and shut up in a convent. By this time the Infant, worn out in debauchery, is dying, and Don Juan resolves to proclaim Fabio heir to the throne after having married him to his cousin, Dorothea, whose vows as a nun do not appear to stand in the way. Dorothea, summoned to Court, brings with her Estella as a companion, and the maiden is at once recognized by Fabio, who rejects the Princess's hand and manfully asserts his humble love. Upon this the King, merciful even in anger, permits Estella to return home, and allows Fabio to follow her. Once more the pair are rejoicing in the prospect of union, but soon Don Juan appears on the scene to part them for ever. The Infant is dead: Fabio learns that he is the King's son and heir, and at the moment when the new prince assumes the crown put off by his father, Estella takes the black veil. Very little reflection upon this story shows that its motives do not appeal to sympathy. The chief purpose is that of the King to separate the lovers, and we cannot be expected to prefer reasons of State to the pleading of a pure affection. Against the central idea of the drama we find ourselves, therefore, immovably set. But this may be without objection when the dramatist intends to award justice, and show how the petty designs of men are brought to nought by a large-hearted and all-seeing Fate. Unfortunately, the librettists of *Estella* (MM. Cormon and Trianon) had no such purpose in view when writing their play. Statecraft conquers love; Fabio is false to his vows, and Estella cuts herself off from the world. We are thus neither edified nor pleased, the story doing no more than arraign the justice of heaven, in which no one of us likes to have his faith disturbed. Let it be admitted, on the other hand, that *Estella* remains a deeply interesting character through-

out. Everything in her person and surroundings enlists sympathy; but in proportion as this is the case so is the blunder of the dramatist, who excites feeling only to disappoint it. The treatment of the story is always felicitous. In the first two acts, for example, the persons of the drama do little save talk, and even their conversation often runs wide of the mark. Indeed, the opening act is wholly devoted to harvest rejoicing, patriotism, family reminiscences, and a thunderstorm, amid which the King appears at the back and suggests, just before the curtain falls, that something unpleasant of a Mephistophelian or Zamielian character will by and bye happen. The next step is positively deferred till the close of the second act, when, after learning that Fabio and Estella are very fond of each other, we see the King's emissaries chase the maiden through a corn-field. Later on the action develops itself faster; but few of the scenes are free from incongruities. It is as odd to find the punctilious monarch of Castille playing the man of mystery in a black cloak, backed by lightning, as to see the farmer, Mengo, wandering about the royal palace, and not taking his hat off in the presence of the King. Much worse than these comparative trifles is the tameness of Fabio when called upon to accept a crown and renounce his love. Even for the sake of appearances he might be expected to resist, whereas he only speaks once before quietly going away, and then says, in effect, "Must I do this? She will suffer; but how can I hurt my father's feelings?" The last scene of all, perhaps, the oddest. We are shown the high altar of a cathedral, and, underneath, a crypt. Fabio kneels before the altar in his usual dress, and is invested with the insignia of royalty by a bishop who has not a word to say, while, underneath without ceremony, religious or other, Estella has a black veil thrown over her head—the whole procedure, coronation and sacred espousal, occupying about five minutes. We may not, perhaps, look for realism on the operatic stage, but librettists should at least spare us burlesque. To sum up, neither in the story of *Estella* nor in its treatment do we find a reason for production. Let us seek one in the music.

Here we may most fitly point out that M. Cohen made some important changes in *Les Bluets* when transforming it into *Estella*. The work was originally an "opéra comique" and it of course became necessary to substitute recitative for dialogue. But the composer did not stop at this. Other alterations, unnecessary to indicate, were made; while one of the original characters, *Seur Carmen*, a personage of comic tendencies, gave place to the staid Dorothea, who now, though willing to marry any one the King names, sings the delights of a convent life. We lately dwelt upon the risk of changing an "opéra comique" into one fitted for the so-called "grand" stage; but when the composer himself chooses to do so, we cannot question his right, though we may dispute his judgment, if that be considered worth while. In the present instance, perhaps, it is not worth while; and we take *Estella* as M. Cohen now offers the work, without any disposition to go back, for critical purposes, upon its antecedents. The music may be roughly divided into two parts—the sentimental and the heroic; and of these the first may be subdivided into the pastoral and the amorous. There is plenty of both subdivisions in the first two acts, and here M. Cohen appears at his best, if, indeed, he may not claim the unequalled verdict of all to whom pastoral and amorous music is a novelty. Pretty melodies, mostly sung in unison on a pedal bass, abound, the wood "wind" is liberally used, and all the pleasant devices suggestive, by time-honoured acceptance, of delightful rustic life, are called into play. In the love scenes M. Cohen is equally orthodox. We expect the violoncellos to sing in languishing strains, and they do so; nor is the sympathetic flute—into which so many of Cupid's victims have breathed their souls—wanting when occasion calls. The composer does not try to startle us, but is as careful to steer clear of such a consequence as were the "rude mechanicals" of Athens to avoid introducing a lion among ladies. In this he completely succeeds. We are not startled. Even when M. Cohen does not please he soothes us—as a preacher lulls his congregation by the humdrum delivery of an old sermon. Let us do M. Cohen the justice to say that he is bound to satisfy the frank and unsuspecting natures which constitute a large majority of his audience. Simple and much to be envied souls, untroubled about reminiscences, and loving most that which they know best, cannot complain of the sentimental music in *Estella*. Who will say that this is not a form of success? Must every composer write in mortal dread of people who, armed with long memories, as with a butterfly net, catches every little plagiarism as it flits past? Turning to M. Cohen's heroic music we find it rather of the forcible feeble kind. There are undoubted exceptions to the rule. Such is the *ensemble* at the close of the third act, which rightly made a great effect in the performance and led to a call for the composer. But, generally speaking, where M. Cohen is most ambitious he is least successful, and it sometimes happens that he overleaps himself and descends on the other side into absolute vulgarity. It is in the

heroic parts of his opera, moreover, that the composer appears least original. M. Cohen seems to be one of the musicians who have reason to regard the gift of memory as a doubtful blessing. His vocation has plunged him deep down among other men's works, and the necessity of knowing them intimately has confounded his perception of the line between *meum* and *tuum*, for which reason, it may be, he can no more avoid reproducing thoughts not his own than Mr Dick could keep King Charles the First out of his famous memorial. On the whole, and giving full value to M. Cohen's pretty sentimental strains, as well as to the pleasure conferred by them upon unsuspecting souls, we cannot discover in the music of *Estella* any reason adequate, we will not say to its production, but to its preference, before many other operas that could be named.

The performer, taken for all in all, reflected very great credit upon Signor Beviniani, who conducted, upon most of the artists, and upon the spirit and liberality of the management. As far as the last-named was concerned, *Estella* had every chance. The scenery was beautiful, more especially a representation of corn-fields on Mengo's farm at sunset, the interior of the palace, and the two-storied "set" of the final tableau. While these things pleased the eye, Mdme Patti, who did her best to recommend a work she is credited with having introduced to managerial notice, easily charmed the ear. From a dramatic point of view, the part of Estella does not offer many opportunities for special effect, but the music is often melodious, and sometimes brilliant enough for a full display of Mdme Patti's powers. That the gifted artist availed herself of every chance we need not assert, while it will at once be understood that her delivery of the pathetic strains in which the part abounds pleaded powerfully not less for the work than for its chief executant. Mdme Patti was cordially applauded again and again. Mdme Mantilla as Dorothea did all that was possible with a thankless part, and Signor Nicolini, as Fabio, creditably represented a character of dubious dramatic significance, while his singing, being less demonstrative than usual, was all the more acceptable. Signor Cotogni played Mengo in good taste, and sang the farmer's important music like an artist; but M. Vidal was a most unsatisfactory King. The smaller parts were entrusted to Mdme Cotino, Mdme Corsi, Signori Scolaro, Manfredi, Fille, and Ragner, with generally good results, and the band and chorus, if lacking refinement, knew their work well. The reception of the opera seemed to be moderately favourable, but the *claque* was so energetic that this must remain in doubt. By the way, if a *claque* be necessary, why not drill its members to applaud at the right time, and not insist upon the encore of a song when it is but half finished?

## MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 426.)

After these preliminaries, this clearing the ground, to employ the familiar expression generally used, the whole orchestra met in one of the green rooms, and the first real rehearsal took place. All the numbers were received with non-equivocal marks of satisfaction on the part of the executants. The ballet, especially the Polonaise of the second act, excited enthusiastic applause, a source of lively satisfaction to the composer, who confesses he never experienced such pleasure from hearing the bravos of the public.

The interior of the Imperial Theatre was under repair. The piece had up to this point been studied at the Alexandra Theatre. But, when the time came for putting it on the stage, it was necessary to move to the large theatre, even though the latter was still in the hands of the workmen. The necessity of making rapid progress was felt, as *Ivan Soussanine* was to be the opening piece. The work in the front of the house and that on the stage had to be done simultaneously. Every day the artists rehearsed amid the noise of a thousand hammers and other tools, which never left off knocking, nailing, and grating while the beauties of the music were being unfolded. This not very flattering accompaniment ceased one afternoon as though by enchantment; the Emperor Nicholas was in the front of the house. After listening to a duet between Petrof and Mdme Boroieva, he turned to Glinka and asked: "Are you contented with my artists?" "I am charmed," replied the composer, "at the zeal and the heart with which they fulfil their duty." At the same time he begged the Emperor to accept the dedication of the work, the title of which was then changed from that of *Soussanine* to that of *Life for the Czar* (ЖИЗНЬ ЗА ЦАРЯ).

Then came the grand rehearsal, which the composer was prevented by illness from attending. It took place, according to custom, before a full house. At length, on the 27th November, 1836, *Life for the Czar*, an opera in four acts, with an epilogue, was performed for the first time.

"It is impossible," says Glinka, "to describe the sensations I experienced that evening, especially at the commencement of the performance. My wife and I occupied a box on the second tier, all the boxes on the first being reserved for the principal functionaries of State and for the families attached to the Court. The first act went well; the trio was vigorously applauded. The second act, that in which the Poles are on the stage, was played in complete silence. I had reckoned on the Polonaise and the Mazurka, so warmly appreciated by the members of the band. I was cut to the heart by the icy way in which they were received. I went on the stage where Cavo's son, to whom I described my feelings, said to me: 'How can you expect Russians to applaud Poles?'" The remark only half re-assured me, and I was still a prey to great perplexity. But the appearance of Md. Boroieva dispelled all my doubts. The Orphan's song, his duet with Ivan, and the quartet in G major, produced an excellent impression.

"In the fourth act, the chorus-singers representing the Poles fell on Petrof with such fury, that they tore his shirt, and he had to defend himself in reality. As for the epilogue, the grandeur of the spectacle, the view of the Kremlin, the number of supernumeraries, the arrangement of the groups, and the animation of the whole scene, filled even me with admiration. Mdme Boroieva was admirable in the trio with the choruses, as she was from one end of her part to the other."

The applause burst forth from all sides, and the evening finished in a sort of triumph for the composer. After the fall of the curtain, he was sent for to the Imperial box and warmly congratulated by the Emperor, the Empress, the Grand-Dukes, and the Grand-Duchesses. The Czar, however, remarked that he did not like to see the hero massacred on the stage in sight of the spectators. Glinka replied that this was an error of stage-management, and that the curtain ought to fall before Soussanine's murder, which is mentioned afterwards in the epilogue.

The next day, the Emperor sent the musician a ring worth four thousand roubles. Glinka derived, also, some profit from the sale of the score and of the separate pieces which the publisher Snegiref had engraved immediately. This was but a meagre compensation to him for having consented to renounce his author's rights on the performances, rights which, calculated according to

\* Even at the present day, thorough-going Russian patriots make it a rule never to applaud Poles even on the stage, and the St Petersburg public maintain a marked reserve during the second act of *Life for the Czar*.

## BELSHAZZAR.\*

<p>I. Hour of an Empire's overthrow! The princes from the feast were gone; The idol flame was burning low; 'Twas midnight upon Babylon. That night the feast was wild and high; That night was Sion's gold profaned; The seal was set to blasphemy; The last deep cup of wrath was drain'd— 'Mid jewell'd roof and silken pall, Belshazzar on his couch was flung: A burst of thunder shook the hall— He heard: but 'twas no mortal tongue.</p>	<p>Like flames their gory banners wheel: Rise, King, and arm thee for the war!"</p>
<p>II. "King of the East," the trumpet calls. That calls thee to a tyrant's grave, A curse is on thy palace walls, A curse is on thy guardian wave. A surge is in Euphrates' bed, That never fill'd its bed before; A surge that, ere the morn be red, Shall load with death its haughty shore. Behold a tide of Persian steel; A torrent of the Median car,</p>	<p>III. Belshazzar gazed; the voice was past— The lofty chamber fill'd with gloom; But echo'd on the sudden blast, The rushing of a mighty plume. He listen'd, all again was still; He heard no chariots iron clang— He heard the fountains' gushing rill, The breeze that through the roses sang. He slept—in sleep wild murmurs came; A vision'd splendour fill'd the sky; He heard Belshazzar's taunted name; He heard again the prophet cry—</p>
<p>IV. "Sleep, Sultan! 'tis thy final sleep, Or wake or sleep the guilty dies; The wrongs of those who watch and weep Around thee and thy nation rise." He started 'mid the battle's yell; He saw the Persians rushing on; He saw the flames around him swell, Thou'rt ashes, King of Babylon!</p>	

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WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.



our ordinary rules, would have brought in a respectable sum, for *Life for the Czar* has never, since it was produced, left the bills of the Imperial Theatre at St Petersburg, where it is a stock-piece. At the above theatre alone, it has been performed four hundred and ninety-three times.

Despite the success he had achieved, Glinka found, as he tells us, his Zóli. The *Abeille du Nord* having published three highly laudatory articles by Prince Adaiewski on *Life for the Czar*, a critic named Tadé Bulgarine replied to him in the same paper by two long dissertations entitled: "Ideas on the new Russian opera." They are, Glinka tells us, a masterpiece of musical gibberish proving only one thing: the profound ignorance of their author. Adaiewski had said that *Life for the Czar* opened up a new period, in which a new vein of inspiration was perceptible. Tadé Bulgarine replied that "in music there is no new vein of inspiration and no new period; all that it is possible to do has been done." This phrase alone suffices to enlighten us as to the mental calibre of him who wrote it.

Glinka had to triumph over another set of critics. The St Petersburg nobility were then entirely devoted to the admiration of Italian music. The idea of establishing in Russia a national school of music found no echo in their breasts. They entertained a supreme contempt for Russian folk-songs, and even at the present day it is not unusual to hear well educated persons say, when speaking of these national melodies, so characteristic and so charming in their free and poetic style, "It is coachmen's music." In *Life for the Czar*, Glinka had not entirely broken with Italian traditions. Yet Adaiewski was right; it was true that a new vein of inspiration breathed through the opera. The national spirit was revealed in it by a certain number of popular songs introduced bodily, and more especially by a general sentiment difficult to analyse, which flowed from the words and the situations as much as from the music. Those spectators who belonged to good society were not susceptible to this merit. "Coachmen's music!" they said disdainfully. "True," replied Glinka, "but what does that matter, if the coachmen are more clever than these gentlemen!"

Fortunately, while awaiting for the work to achieve its great popular success, a select band, comprising all who stood highest in the capital by mind or birth, ranged themselves on Glinka's side. Puschkin, Joukowski, and Sobolenski, the poets and literary men, as well as the Princes Viasemski, Veliegorski, and others, proclaimed him a master and a great artist, in advance of the entire country. Glinka gives us in his *Reminiscences* some verses extemporised at a party on *Life for the Czar*, shortly after the first night. Each person present wrote four lines, which were sung to a canon, composed by Prince Adaiewski. Here is Puschkin's quatrain:

"Gay! Strike up a Russian chorus! The fields are cleared and a new soil shines in the sun! Rejoice, Russia! our Glinka is no longer clay but brilliant porcelain!"

It is as well to state, so that the reader may comprehend this friendly poetry, that, in Russian, *glinka* is a diminutive of *glna*, which signifies *clay*. Veliegorski carries on the pun:

"At this news, Envy, with eyes obscured by gall, will grind her teeth. Let her! Of Glinka, of our clay, she cannot make mud again."

(To be continued.)

#### ALLA ZULIANI ED ALLE SORELLE REUTERS.

Quando ti veggo colle tre sorelle  
Far danze e pose si leggiadre e care  
In esse io scorgo le tre Grazie belle  
E credo in te la Venere mirare!

BRUSSELS.—Mlle Bilbaut-Vauchelet is engaged at the Théâtre de la Monnaie for the Exhibition fêtes, after the 20th inst. She will appear six times, the operas being *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *Les Mousquetaires*, and *La Flûte enchantée*.

LEIPSIK.—Herr Kindermann, of the Theatre Royal, Munich, and the most celebrated veteran of the German lyric stage, has appeared at the Carola Theater, and created a *furor* by his impersonation of Hans Stadinger in Lortzing's *Waffenschmied*. His next appearance will be as Wilhelm Tell.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students gave an evening concert on Saturday, July 3. We subjoin the programme:—

Anthem, "I will give thanks" (W. G. Wood, student)—the Choir, solo, Mr Sinclair Dunn; Fuga Scherzando, in A minor (J. S. Bach)—pianoforte, Miss Kate Tozer, pupil of Mr H. R. Evers; Song (MS.), "Is it Yes or No?" (G. F. Smith, student)—Miss Woolley; Rondo, "Il moto continuo," from Sonata in C, Op. 24 (C. von Weber)—pianoforte, Miss Florence Martin, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Madrigal, "Ah, fading joy" (C. Lucas)—the Choir; Air, "Slumber, beloved," *Christmas Oratorio* (J. S. Bach)—Miss Angas; Con moto moderato, en forme d'Ouverture (H. Smart)—organ, Mr Lake; Song (MS.), "By the cradle" (Myles B. Foster, student)—Miss M. Spencer Jones; Rigaudon (Joachim Raff)—pianoforte, Miss Alice Hart, pupil of Mr J. B. Jewson; Maypole Song, female voices (C. J. Hargitt)—harps, Miss Adelaide Arnold and Master Berket; Lieder, "Schliesse mir die Augen beide" and "Geheimniss" (H. Goetz)—Miss Amy Aylward; Song (MS.), "Ave Maria" (G. Hooper, student)—Miss Adele Myers, harp *obbligato*, Miss Adelaide Arnold; Valse, "La messagiera d'amore," *Mirella* (Gounod)—Miss Clara Samuelli; Scherzo, in A (MS.) (Cecilia Launcelot, student)—pianoforte, Miss C. Launcelot, pupil of Professor Macfarren in composition, and Mr F. B. Jewson pianoforte; Part Song, "Softly come, thou evening gale" (Henry Smart)—the Choir; Song (MS.), "My mother's heart" (Elizabeth Foskett, student)—Miss Florence Norman; Intermezzo and Finale, from *Faehingschwank aus Wien*, Op. 13 (Schumann)—pianoforte, Miss Emily Latter; Recitative and Air, "Weep not, my mother," and "I dreamt I was in Heaven," *Naaman* (Sir Michael Costa)—Miss Butler; Hunting Song, "Arise, sleep no more" (Sir Julius Benedict)—the Choir.

Accompanists, Miss Dinah Shapley, Miss Kate Steel, and Mr Charlton T. Speer; organ, Mr W. G. Wood. Mr Walter Macfarren conducted.

The annual Distribution of Prizes will be held in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music, on Saturday, July 24, at three o'clock. The distribution of the awards has most kindly been undertaken by Mrs Gladstone.

#### MR MAAS AND HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The following letter appeared in some of the daily papers on Tuesday the 6th inst. :—

(To the Editor, &c.)

SIR.—Having been announced to represent Edgardo in the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Her Majesty's Theatre, I ask of your courtesy to allow me to explain why I was unable to fulfil what was expected of me this evening. The part is one of more than ordinary responsibility, and, as I had never played it in the original Italian, I claimed, as a natural right, the advantage of a stage rehearsal; and, although I have informed the management that this was an indispensable condition of my appearing, the rehearsal has not been granted, and yet in the advertisements of to-day my name is announced. I owe, Sir, a duty to the public, who have so liberally encouraged my efforts from the beginning, not to come before them unless prepared to do so to the utmost of my ability, which, without the assistance of proper rehearsal, was impossible. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

July 5.

JOSEPH MAAS.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The following is Sig. Merelli's company for the Italian operatic season, commencing in October and extending to March: Sopranos, Mmes Carolina Salla, Bianca Bianchi (of Vienna), A. Bruschi-Chiatti, E. Repetto-Trissolini, Giulia Nordica, Emma Romeldi, Dora de Clairvaux; Mezzo-Sopranos, Mmes Scalchi-Lolli, Giulia Prandi, Corsi; Tenors, Signori A. Masini, O. Novelli, Petrovich, Delilliers, Iginio Corsi, Luigi Manfredi; Baritones and Basses, Signori Cotogni, Bouhy, Brogi, Leone Miranda, Ughetti, Gasperini, Carracciolo, Scolara; chief Stage-Manager, M. Albert Venturini; Conductors, Signori R. Drigo and Dalmau. The repertory will probably comprise *Aida*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi); *Gli Ugonotti*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *L'Africana*, *Dinorah*, *La Stella del Nord* (Meyerbeer); *Semiramide*, *Otello*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rossini); *L'Ebreo* (Halévy); *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Flauto Magico* (Mozart); *Linda*, *Lucia*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *La Figlia del Regimento* (Donizetti); *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani* (Bellini); *Faust* (Gounod); *Mignon* (A. Thomas); *Carmen* (Bizet); *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser* (R. Wagner); *La Regina di Saba* (Goldmark); *La Vita per lo Tzar* (Glinka); *Mefistofele* (Boito). As at present arranged, the opening opera will be *L'Ebreo*, with Mad. Salla in the principal part.

## NOTE.

Various articles on concerts, &c., are compelled to stand over for want of space.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P.R.—Too late for this week, but in time for next. Proof shall be sent.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1880.

## THE IMPERIAL OPERAHOUSE, VIENNA.

Amid the effulgent glory emanating from the seven-starred Mozartean constellation, the season is drawing to an end, and simultaneously with it the epoch of Herr Jauner's five-years' management. While he was at the head of affairs, we have frequently and cheerfully acknowledged this gentleman's talents and services, which—certainly under the re-action of some serious mistakes—have of late been under-valued or even altogether denied. Herr Jauner must be credited with unusual stage-routine and restless activity. It must not be forgotten that side by side with a few failures he has produced several very striking novelties, such as Richard Wagner's four *Nibelungen* dramas, *Die Königin von Saba*, *Carmen*, *Aida*, and Delibes' two ballets (*Coppelia* and *Sylvia*), besides offering the public a series of unusual treats in the engagements of Patti, Nilsson, Lucca, and Faure. Furthermore, we are indebted to him for the acquaintance of three distinguished German singers, Mlle Bianchi, Mme Schuch-Proska, and Marianne Brandt. With regard to the dark side of the management, which, while energetic, was distinguished by uneasy haste, and worked more by momentary effect than wise foresight, we discussed it with tolerable frankness some months since, and have no need to return to the subject. What attracts us to-day is not so much the wish to indulge in a polemico-critical retrospect as the desire to catch a glimpse, as far as the doubly thick veil of a new organization will allow, of the immediate future in store for the Operahouse.

The new organization consists, as we are aware, in the revival of an Intendancy-General and the union of the two Imperial Theatres under one manager. In Herbeck's time, we opposed with an utter disregard of aught but what we had in view the existence and doings of an Intendancy-General, invested with an injurious amount of power and pettily overbearing, and we believe we had some share in abolishing it. For Herbeck, its suppression came too late. He had already morally bled to death under a bad system of tutelage, able, without more ado, to maim or annihilate his best intentions without relieving him of one iota of his artistic responsibility. Above the manager, the Opera was then directed by the Intendancy-General, and above the latter by the Lord High-Controller. In this triad, there was evidently one member too many. By the new plan, which takes from the Lord High-Controller's office the leading part in the management, and gives that part to the Intendancy-General, this evil is removed. The two Imperial Theatres receive in Baron von Dingelstedt a manager invested with wide powers, and an Intendant-General in Baron Hofmann, a minister of state. Of these two individuals—and in matters of art more depends on individuals than on the system—Franz Dingelstedt has long since gained the confidence of the public to an extraordinary degree as a clear-sighted and far-seeing theatrical manager of undisputed authority. In both theatres, he has shown himself moreover a master of that higher talent for getting up a piece, which, differing from the art of mere outward brilliancy, catches the very spirit of the drama, and absolutely incarnates the frame of mind peculiar to each scene. Baron Hofmann does not like Dingelstedt enter on his newly created functions as an old and well-proved master, but as a new man. Vienna knows the high-placed diplomatist as a warm and delicate lover of art possessing no slight knowledge of men and things. His kindly and amiable disposition will materially assist him in settling easily and agreeably many an inevitable conflict between excitable artists. With a manager of Dingelstedt's authority, the Intendant-General's task does not threaten to be a very hard one; he will willingly place himself on the footing of the best kings, in conformity with the maxim: "Le Roi règne mais il ne gouverne pas."

That which brought about the latest crisis at the Imperial

Operahouse was probably first and foremost the financial non-success of the management. It is true that its artistic mistakes are connected with the financial non-success; about the extent of the former, however, there may be some difference of opinion; there can be none concerning that of the deficit. What at last led to Jauner's resignation—as to that of most of his predecessors—was the figures, the irrefutable figures, crying aloud to Heaven. The general public are accustomed in this particular to condemn a manager very readily and very quickly because they have no notion of the immense sums swallowed up in maintaining and carrying on a large Imperial or Royal lyric theatre. Opera—well, opera is a very costly amusement. Being inseparable from material splendour, a large operahouse, even when artistically conducted, is always an expensive luxury. As far back as the time of the old Kärntnerthor-Theater, the managers had regularly to put up with sharp reproofs for exceeding every year the dotation. How considerably, however, all the expenses of management have risen in the new Operahouse—twofold, fourfold, and actually sixfold—the reader may learn from a few facts. In the old house the cost of gas was about thirty florins an evening; in the new one it is between 180 and 200. The salary-list, in the widest acceptance of the term (that is, including company and officials, the sums paid to artists from other theatres, and the buying-in of leaves-of-absence) came every year in round numbers at the Kärntnerthor-Theater to 600,000 florins; it has risen, at present, in the new house to between 900,000 and a million. But how about the receipts? some one may ask. Reckoning the average of the last three or four years, the receipts at the Imperial Operahouse, taken with the regular subvention of 200,000 florins, amounted in round numbers to 800,000 florins annually; they were thus 200,000 florins less than the expenditure. The difference, as well as all the expense of putting pieces on the stage and of administration had to be met by an extraordinary subvention out of the Imperial Treasury, the said subvention oscillating, we have heard, between 210,000 and 250,000 florins. This state of things could not possibly go on indefinitely; according to good authority, an augmentation of the ordinary dotation has been granted, but, in future, the dotation thus augmented will be the limit which the management must not exceed. The new Intendant-General has here a difficult task before him, and the sole principle which will (though only gradually) enable him to perform it is that of order, economy, and increased energy. Of a truth, "three words of deep significance," or of none at all, as the case may be. Who does not know the manifesto of Ministers of Finance when first entering on office: the serious illness, a legacy of their predecessors, under which the state-treasury is labouring, must be cured by "increased receipts and diminished expenditure!" The question will always turn on two facts: Whether and how can a principle in itself so unassailable be carried out. The Future will decide the question for the Operahouse as well as for everything else, and with full confidence we will patiently await the result.

Would it not be desirable from a pecuniary point of view not to play every night at the Operahouse, but only four or five times a week? It is interesting to know that even the most experienced theatre-goers are not agreed on this point. From a purely artistic point of view, everyone will probably answer in the affirmative, because the performances would, if fewer, be prepared with more care and carried out more freshly; the singers and musicians would not be so hard-worked; and the stock operas would possess stronger attraction. But financially? Does a performance as a rule bring money in or merely involve outlay? Will the management save expenditure or sacrifice profit by shutting the theatre twice a week? Herbeck regarded the occasional closing of the Operahouse as a financial gain and so did Jauner, who actually carried out what Herbeck merely desired. The new Intendant-General purposes playing every day (grand opera alternating of course with comic opera and ballet), thus starting from the opposite hypothesis that a theatrical evening the less is not a pecuniary advantage but disadvantage. All managers, however, agree in one point: the object of their endeavours should be to ensure a good and regular attendance of the public.

Here, however, there straightway crops up the difference of opinion as to lowering the prices of admission. There can be no doubt that many now badly attended performances, especially of old classical operas, which, as is well known, boast of the most reverential but not most opulent public of their own, would be



numerously attended, were the prices of admission only lower. The question of reducing the prices will turn up afresh and prove a very important one. Between an unconditional "Yes" and an equally unconditional "No," it strikes us that the most natural and most approved plan is the middle one adopted at German Court-Theatres and consisting of a graduated scale of "high," "middle," and "low" prices, according to the attractiveness of the performances. In their character of works for stage representation different operas possess a different value not always coincident with their musical value. Is it not a very naive proceeding to charge to-day for *Das Nachtlager in Granada* with a very mediocre cast, the high prices paid yesterday for the first representation of a new grand opera or the appearance of a celebrated star!

The way would be prepared, gradually at any rate, for a desirable piece of financial reform, if the managers of all large operatic theatres would seriously agree in a resolution to oppose the extravagant sums demanded by singers. The price even for singers cannot, it is true, be arbitrarily fixed; it results, like all other prices, from the varying conditions of supply and demand. And yet it can hardly be doubted that the pretensions of spoilt prima donnas would speedily come down if, "with inexpressible regret," the managers of two or three Court theatres did without such ladies. That, with the enormously high salaries paid by the Imperial Operahouse here, and paid moreover not to *first-class* artists alone, the institution can scarcely be carried on any longer, is a fact which must strike every one, unless it be one of the singers themselves, who knows what the salaries are. We always thought that for artists freshly joining the company the honour of belonging to the Imperial Operahouse must of itself count for something. Up to the present this honour has merely impelled them to ask the very highest possible salaries; let an attempt be made for once to place the matter clearly before them from the opposite point of view. It is with great satisfaction that we hear of good intentions in this particular on the part of the Intendancy-General. The public will learn, too, with pleasure that the Intendancy means to fill up the many gaps in the company as well as to freshen and enrich the repertory. We shall return at a fitting time to these two important heads.

A factor with which the artistic management has nothing in common, which does not trouble the critics, but which is one in which the general management takes a deep interest, is the *subscription-list*. The falling-off in this of late years has been a fact observed with regret by experienced persons. The subscriptions ranging, under Dinglestedt and Herbeck, from 250,000 to 300,000 florins, are said to have sunk recently to between 160,000 and 180,000 a year. Besides other causes independent of and unpreventable by the management, the frequent closing of the theatre contributed no doubt to the retirement of many subscribers. If they are to be won back they must have their position rendered more secure, and as a matter of fact they are to receive a guarantee that the 260 performances promised them shall be regularly given every year between the 1st September and the 15th June, and that the theatre shall be closed only on the days legally prescribed. A still more pressing requirement, in our opinion, is a reform in the leaves of absence, which are granted with such splendid liberality to the leading artists that the entire company is scarcely ever together. When, in the midst of the season, two of the ladies are granted leave of absence simultaneously, and very frequently a leading tenor also, the management has no resource left but to engage artists from other theatres, or buy back with hard cash the leaves of absence from their fortunate possessors. Last year the engagements of artists from other theatres and extra play-money are said to have cost about 80,000 florins. It is to be hoped that the Intendancy-General will consent to no new engagements which, in addition to an enormous salary, allow the artist a long extraordinary leave of absence. On the other hand, the ordinary leave of absence (the "theatrical holidays") of all persons engaged should last at least six weeks, from the middle of June to the 1st of August; such a period of repose would prove beneficial to all concerned, artists and public. For even the latter must have rest. It is said that in the six weeks between the 10th of May and the 15th of June—a period when the theatre is very sparsely attended, and consequently as a rule kept open at considerable loss—an Italian opera company will give a series of performances. A good Italian company, without those expensive stars, Patti or Nilsson,

and also without any augmentation in the prices of admission, would certainly be very welcome for a short time. But it must be on the inexorable condition that the repertory shall consist for the most part of *novelties*. If an Italian company comes here only to grind away once more at operas like *Lucia*, *Linda*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Trovatore*, &c., which have been utterly ground to death, the public will certainly spend their pleasant May and June evenings elsewhere than in the theatre. The Italians would have to make us acquainted with those operas by Ponchielli, Gomez, Boito, Usiglio, &c., which have achieved permanent success in Italy during the last twenty years, but which we do not want to give our German singers the trouble of learning. At the same time, due room might be left for Rossini, Cimarosa, and others.

For many other things which demand discussion in connection with the change of management, we shall at a future time find a better opportunity and at all events more space than that now at our disposal.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

THE week which begins on Monday, the 12th inst., will be the last of the present season at the Royal Italian Opera. In our next a retrospect of what have been its distinguishing points will be taken; and on the whole, we think, will prove the second year of the new management a by no means unworthy sequel to its thirty-two precursors.

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught (with *suite*) attended, on Thursday night, the performance of Wagner's *Lohengrin* at the Royal Italian Opera. Mad. Albani, it is scarcely necessary to add, was the Elsa of the evening.

MAD. MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY left London for Paris on Sunday—"crowned with bays." She returns in the autumn.

SIG. RANDEGGER is appointed conductor of the Norwich Festival, in place of Sir Julius Benedict, for whom a "farewell concert" will be given at Norwich, as recently at Liverpool.

MILLE SARAH BERNHARDT left London for Paris on Monday morning last. She will remain in France until she sets sail for the United States in September next.

MISS MINNIE HAUKE left on Wednesday. After a holiday in Switzerland, she has undertaken prolonged engagements for tours in Austria and Germany, and consequently will not return to England this next autumn—not, indeed, till the spring of 1881.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN has, under medical advice, resigned the conductorship of the choir and orchestra of the Royal Academy of Music, but retains his position as a Professor of the Pianoforte in the Institution.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Fred. W. Haydock, pupil of Dr. Horton Allison, and organist of St. Gabriel's Church, Manchester, has recently passed his examinations for the degree of Bachelor in Music at the University of Dublin. Mr. Haydock's cantata, *O magnify the Lord*, was performed in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, on Tuesday, June 20th, as the "exercise" for his degree.

FOLLOWING the example set by her younger sister Bertha, Mdle Anna Mehlig has abandoned professional life for matrimony. She marries a rich Antwerp tradesman named Falk.

FANNY HUDDART.—It is with sincere regret we have to record the death of this once well-known and popular singer. Fanny Huddart (Mrs. J. Russell) died on Monday, the 28th ult., and was buried on the Friday following (2nd inst.) in Norwood Cemetery. A brief memoir of her will appear in our next.

OPORTO.—Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* has been most warmly received here. The singers were Signore Pantaleoni, Biancolini, Signori Celada and Sbordoni. Sig. Kuon conducted.

## THE LYRICAL DRAMA.

By G. A. MACFARREN, ESQ., M.A.,

*Mus. Doc. Cantab., Prof. Mus. Cantab.*

(Continued from page 421.)

Another composer, who was also a cultivated musician, and who had already gained great celebrity by his composition of madrigals, but greater celebrity by his introduction of some important new principles in musical theory, was Claudio Monteverde, a man of the highest note in the history of art, as having been the first person who felt the natural basis of music as distinguished from the artificial rules, which up to the time of his appearance on the scene of history had always prevailed. He it was who first employed what must be called the natural discords—those discords, namely, which, consisting of the notes of the harmonic series, are naturally produced, as distinct from those other discords which can only be satisfactorily heard when their harshness is mitigated by the formula of preparation. These let us call artificial discords; those which Monteverde originated, natural discords. And modern music may be said to date from his first use of the chords in question, the best known of which and the most used is that ever-ready chord of the dominant seventh; and when once the principle of its use was understood an entirely new field was open in the range of the composer's art, and all time since has been most valuably, most beautifully engaged in the cultivating of this field. And how great, how noble, is the harvest it has yielded! Must we not feel that the mind of the artist is the virgin-mother, from which proceeds the divine child, that, passing through the world, bears its burden of beauty, and this is scattered freely among those whose hearts of faith enable them to receive and perceive the bounty that is offered them?

Monteverde composed first an opera called *Arianna*, of which but a small fragment remains. This was in 1607. It had a very great success, in consequence of which, and by its encouragement, he wrote in the following year an opera which has been preserved entire, having been contemporaneously printed, *Orfeo*. The work is highly remarkable in the fact that it employs a very large number of instruments, that it not only aims to declaim the words and portray the dramatic situations, but to characterize each individuality of the action, and distinguish Orpheus from Eurydice, both of them from Pluto, and every other person in the drama; and it is remarkable as giving us the oldest extant attempt at what we now call an overture—an instrumental prelude. A most remarkable piece is this said prelude, comprising nine long bars directed to be played through thrice, and entirely consisting of the one chord of C from the commencement to the end. This would seem an extravagance, but there is a composition which but a few years ago was first publicly performed, and which has drawn the attention of many musical critics and the admiration of some, that has for overture what amounts to five pages of pianoforte arrangement, and consisting wholly and exclusively of one chord of E $\flat$ , which is mostly dispersed over the melodic figure that is employed conspicuously in Mendelssohn's overture to *The Beautiful Melusine*. I was once present when an admirer spoke of this composition as sublime, and a bystander said he thought it went a step beyond. However, that is by the way. It is only to show that Monteverde, in his originating the overture, in his having a large orchestra, in his intermixture of chorus and solos, in his giving substantial characterization to each person in his story, indicated, although not in those early days fulfilled, but indicated all that dramatic art can fulfil in music.

Shortly after the time of Monteverde appeared a Venetian of great merit, whose name is familiar as Cavalli; but this is an abbreviation or a pet name given by the world, and is not his real patronymic. He had very great success in Venice, and seemingly from very great desert; and so great was his success there that he went to Paris after a time, to reproduce some of his works.

Having named Paris, we now come to a very important phase in the history of the musical drama. We have to speak of Giovanni Battista Lulli, a born Florentine, who went to Paris as a page to a princess when thirteen years old; who, because of his ugly face and awkward manner, was thought unfit for the position to which he was called. He was driven into the kitchen to act as scullion, but so greatly entertained his fellow-servants by his performance on the violin, that his fame for musicianship rose upstairs; and

here really may be felt to have been an illustration, or an anticipation, of true "high life below stairs," since, with Lulli in the kitchen, there was a higher art than was to be found in the king's chambers. Lulli was called to take part in the music of Louis XIV., and such excellent part did he take that a separate band of twenty-four violins, which I suppose must have included the bass-viol as a branch of the violin family, was appointed for him to direct, for him to teach, and for him to write for. One result of this was that when Charles II. returned to his throne in England, after his sojourn in the Court of Louis XIV., he set up also his royal band of musicians, also consisting of twenty-four, with John Banister as its leader; and from that may doubtless have come down to us the nursery lines of "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row." Now before the King it was very frequent to have performances of ballets. There had been in the latter part of the sixteenth century ballets interspersed with choruses performed before the Court, and Lulli was engaged to compose the music for a continuation of this line of dancing dramas.

It is worth while to rest here a moment on the somewhat remarkable fact that whereas France is regarded as the centre of taste—fashions are drawn from France, and our standard of likes and dislikes is placed in the French capital—the French themselves have in a remarkable degree referred to Italy for their music. Thus, the origination of the French opera springs from those ballets for which Lulli composed the music—Lulli, an Italian. Previous to that, Cardinal Mazarini, whose name was abbreviated and is more frequently pronounced in its French form, had introduced some Italian operas in France; and long subsequently Piccini was invited to Paris to compose operas, and to stand at the head of the most important and significant controversy on the merits of the musicianship of two nations, and to arbitrate the taste of the Parisians. There was then founded the Paris Conservatoire, of which Paer, an Italian, was the first principal, and Cherubini succeeded to him. Thus, however great power the French have had in spreading their principles of taste, they have been modest enough to derive these from whatever good sources they could draw them. The ballets of Lulli were presently extended. Some operas by Cavalli were performed by the French Court, and Lulli composed dances for insertion in them. Then was given to another composer, Cambert, and to a librettist, Perrin, a patent for the performance of operas in the Institution then called the Académie Royale. The King, after two years, withdrew the patent and gave it to his favourite Lulli, who was so great a favourite, indeed, that he was not intrusted alone with musical affairs, but he was appointed private secretary to the King, and held other functions of great importance. Now because the French opera arose from ballet, it has never been entirely exempted from it; and there will be presently occasion to show how imperative became in the constitution of French grand opera the mixture, or intermixture, of singing and dancing. Lulli's operas consisted of music throughout, either vocal or instrumental.

A great light in Italy, Alessandro Scarlatti, in 1680, produced at Rome his first opera, and this is said to have been followed by 108 others; a stupendous number in sound. But it is to be borne in mind that the operas of that day were neither of the length nor of the elaborate structure of those of later time. There may be dated from this period the two-fold school of the French and the Italian opera, with Lulli, the Italian, at the head of the French school, and Scarlatti, the Neapolitan, at the head of the Italian school. But the rest of the world was not entirely inactive in operatic composition up to this time. We find in 1625 a translation of one of Rinuccini's lyrical dramas, *Dafne*, set to music by Heinrich Schütz, in Germany, but it appears to have been a solitary work. About the same period Nicolo Lanieri, an Italian, settled in England, and wrote music to a masque by Ben Johnson, which music comprised the entire of the text. This masque, however, like those first Italian attempts, was not aimed at public performance, but was privately represented in the court of Charles I., by persons of the highest social condition.

(To be continued.)

Madrid, also, has had its festival in honour of Camoens. The musical part was under the direction of Señor Arrieta.

## CONCERTS.

**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERT.**—The annual concert of Sir Julius Benedict has for very many years formed one of the most brilliant attractions of the summer season. The first, given as far back as 1835—the year of his arrival in England—was made memorable by the fact that among the leading vocalists were Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and other artists of renown. Since then hardly a twelvemonth has passed over without the recurrence of an event which directly interested the musical world of fashion, and "Benedict's Concert" became, after its kind, an institution. The 45th anniversary, held on Wednesday in St James's Hall, was no exception to the general rule. The programme wanted but one feature to make it at all points acceptable, and that was something written especially for the occasion by Sir Julius Benedict himself, whose high rank as a composer, legitimately won, as all will admit, bears with it, nevertheless, proportionate responsibility. In former days a Benedict concert, without the name of Benedict figuring several times in the bills, would, despite other attractions, have failed to give entire satisfaction. The immense audience, which on the present occasion filled every corner of St James's Hall, were compelled to rest satisfied with a French romance, "Ange adoré," and a ballad, "The Rose of Erin" (both graceful and expressive, it is true), followed later on by a "Nocturne" and a "Gavotte" for pianoforte alone. The romance, sung by M. Diaz de Soria, and the ballad, by Mlle Zaré Thalberg, were accompanied, and the two pianoforte pieces played, by the composer himself, the warmth of whose reception was a token of esteem in which he is held. In other respects the selection of music, vocal and instrumental, can hardly fail to have satisfied the hungriest of amateurs. Anything beyond a glance at the various items it comprised, however, would occupy more space than is available. Among the instrumental features deserving particular notice may be cited the "Marche Héroïque" of M. Saint-Saëns, arranged for four executants on two pianos, the effect of which may be well understood when it is added that the performers at one instrument were Mme Montigny Rémaury and M. Saint-Saëns himself, at the other Miss Agnes Zimmermann and M. Joseph Wieniawski. A "concertante" duet for harps (*Lucia*), a solo on the harmonium (*Don Pasquale*), and another on the violin—the first played by Mr John Thomas and his clever pupil, Mlle Sacconi, the second by Herr Louis Engel, the last (Léonard's variations on a theme of Haydn's) by M. Ovide Musin, completed this department. The contributions of leading vocalists exhibited an *embarras de richesses*. From the Royal Italian Opera came Mesdames Albani, Semblich, and Sealchi, Señor Gayarré, MM. Lasalle and Gailhard; from Her Majesty's Theatre, Mme Trebelli. All of these, including Mlle Thalberg (already named), sang, with unvarying success, things too familiar to call for special remark. It should be mentioned, however, that by her admirable rendering of the second air of *Astrifammante* ("Gli angui d'inferno") Mme Semblich encouraged fair hopes of a revival of *Il Flauto Magico*, sooner or later, at the Royal Italian Opera. This created a vivid impression, and was echoed. The other singers were Mlle Rosina Isidor; Mrs Osgood, the fair American, who gave two songs by M. Saint-Saëns; Mr. Santley, for whom the same French musician had composed a ballad (with chorus), "She is a rich and rare land," more telling than original, notwithstanding the encore gained for it by the English barytone; Mr F. King, &c. Not the least—perhaps, in strict truth, the most—noticeable incident of the day was the recital, by Mlle Sarah Bernhardt, of the poem, *Béruria*—the story of the Rabbi-Meir, his wife, and the two children he finds dead on returning from the Temple (the Porto-Riche collection—*Tout n'est pas rose*). By this the audience were deeply impressed, recalling the gifted actress three times back to the platform. We should not omit to state that the programme was agreeably varied with part-songs from Lindblad and others, admirably given by the "Swedish Vocal Quartet" in their own native tongue. The "conductors" were Signora Vianesi, Visetti, and Randegger. The concert was altogether a success.—*Times*, July 5.

**THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—This society brought its sixty-eighth season to an end on Wednesday evening with a concert of some attraction, inasmuch as the programme contained a new overture by Sir Julius Benedict, and a pianoforte concerto by one of the youngest and cleverest among rising English musicians. Sir Julius Benedict's overture is inscribed *Twelfth Night*, and its character and even some of its details were, no doubt, suggested by the personages and incidents of Shakespeare's comedy. The composer, however, gives us no clue to the significance of any part of his work, choosing rather to leave those who hear it "fancy free." In this he acts wisely, as does the critic who equally recognizes that the exercise of fancy upon musical subjects is often, in one person, a very different thing to what it is in another, and productive of very different results. So vague is the language of music when it purports to be

objective that the same expression may convey ten different ideas to as many people. We shall, therefore, spare ourselves the task of fitting Sir Julius's overture to Shakespeare's play, and shall regard it purely as an example of abstract art. So looked at, the work abounds in merit and is full of charm, while its vigour and fluency are remarkable, not to say—bearing in mind the composer's venerable age—surprising.\* The overture begins with a quaint and stately movement in C minor (*tempo di minuetto*), which is followed by an *allegro con fuoco* in the major key. The quasi-minuet is, of course, but an introduction, the chief thematic and constructive interest being found in the *allegro*; and the interest, both of theme and treatment, is, we are glad as well as bound to say, very great. Few overtures are richer in principal and episodic subjects, all characterised by genuine melody; while very rarely does a modern work show such masterly ease of development according to the rules in that case made and provided. Composers of the present day are so weak in handling their themes that they have created a virtue out of the necessity of going off into rhapsody. But Sir Julius Benedict belongs to the grand old school, and, not being under any such obligation, gives us here an example of art workmanship upon which the connoisseur dwells with pleasure. The Philharmonic audience recognized the fact, and called the composer to the platform amid loud applause. They would have done so with still greater emphasis, we are sure, if they had heard the overture properly played. So inefficient was the performance that it seemed as though Mr Cusins and his orchestra were groping their way through a dark and unknown place. Mr Jackson's Concerto in D minor is a product of his student days at the Royal Academy of Music, and was first heard at one of the public concerts of that institution in April, 1878. It contains the orthodox three movements, but, while generally heedful of accepted form, does not slavishly follow any popular model. Freedom without licence appears to be Mr Jackson's motto—or was when under tutelage—and we trust that, as his own master, he will never depart from it. Of the work, as a whole, it is our duty to speak in terms of hearty praise. There are weak points to be noted, doubtless—as, for example, the want of power shown in the "free fantasia" part of the opening *allegro*. But a student may be pardoned for shortcomings where the master finds it useful to put forth all his skill, and where excellence is not so much due to genius as to the experience and tact that can only come with time. We take little heed, therefore, of the want of "grip" shown in the treatment of the *allegro* themes. It is more important to observe the command of melody, the admirable scoring, and the poetic feeling, as well as delicate touch, by which the concerto is marked. In these respects Mr Jackson proves himself to have caught no little both of the spirit and manner that characterised his master, Sterndale Bennett. The work of the pupil reflects the graceful thought and elegant expression of the teacher, and is raised thereby to a place among things of beauty. Of the three movements, the *andante* will, perhaps, be the most popular, thanks to an attractive melody and charming treatment, united to the utmost simplicity of design. But connoisseurs will hear the whole with pleasure, and, we are sure, with a strong hope that the young composer, having begun so well, will go on unto perfection. Mr Jackson appears to be one whom a State or people really art-loving would secure against the necessity of doing other work than the highest. But as times go, he will have to take his chance, and we can only desire for him a better fate than has befallen the many among his predecessors who have called up hopes only to blight them. Mr Jackson was fortunate in having at the piano so sound a musician and good an executant as Miss Agnes Zimmermann. He may be congratulated also upon finding an audience capable of appreciating and ready to applaud his talent. The remaining orchestral pieces were Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony; the *adagio* and *rondo* from Vieuxtemps' Violin Concerto in E—solo most exquisitely played by Mme Norman-Néruda; and Weber's *Jubilee* overture, which for long years has closed the Philharmonic season. Mme Antoinette Sterling and Mr Santley were the vocalists, the lady singing, amongst other things, the well-known air, with violin *obbligato* (Herr Straus), from Bach's *Passions-Musik*. Mr Santley introduced, with all the advantage of his fine talent, a new song, "I prithee send me back my heart," by Miss Maud White, "Mendelssohn scholar." This young lady has written so many elegant vocal pieces that we hesitate to declare her effort a failure in this instance. Such, however, is our impression. In attempting more than usual, Miss White has not achieved so much—a common experience of young artists, out of which many among them grow as naturally as out of liability to the diseases of childhood. Our "Mendelssohn scholar" will, no doubt, present a case in point.—*D. T.*

\* It was designed and written down, if not absolutely finished, many years ago.—*DR BRIDGE*.



M<sup>D</sup>ME EDITH WYNNE gave an evening concert at the Steinway Hall on Monday, June 28, when she presented to her friends and admirers, who filled the room, a programme both sumptuous and varied. That the ballad element was not overlooked may be taken for granted, for where M<sup>d</sup>me Wynne sings that branch of our popular musical literature is sure to find one of its most able exponents. Few singers have ever given such a dramatic reading to "She wore a wreath of roses" as this lady presented to her enraptured audience at Steinway Hall. The pathetic story was told with eloquence, force and grace, and each sentiment, called forth by the varied incidents, was expressed with that warmth of utterance so long the characteristic of the "Welsh nightingale." Ballads now-a-days form the bulk of our concert programmes, and the singers thereof are legion; it is therefore no mean compliment to be classed amongst the best of those who succeed in making the tunes of everyday life acceptable and edifying. This enviable position has for many years been accorded to M<sup>d</sup>me Edith Wynne, and to the acknowledgment so readily granted is added the wish that she will for a long time to come hold up to younger singers an example of her admirable art. The fair artist was assisted by Mrs Osgood, M<sup>d</sup>me Enriquez, Miss Delia Harris, and Miss Hope Glenn; Signori Carlo Melis and Franceschi; Messrs W. H. Cummings, Barton McGuckin, and Lewis Thomas. Mr John Thomas was the harpist, M<sup>d</sup>me Kate Roberts, Miss Josephine Agabeg, and Miss Bessie Waugh were the pianists, M<sup>d</sup>me Terese Liebe the violinist, and Messrs W. H. Thomas and W. S. Hoyte were the conductors. Surely here were materials in abundance for an evening's entertainment; and besides each artist offered her, or his, best, so that quality was joined with quantity. Mrs Osgood called forth tiny, briny teardrops by her touching delivery of "Home, sweet home"; M<sup>d</sup>me Enriquez kindled admiration by beauty of voice and artistic singing in Spohr's "Rose softly blooming"; Miss Delia Harris received encouragement to prosecute her studies with diligence in order to make her fine voice worthy of its obvious calling; and Miss Hope Glenn showed that nature's favours had also been bestowed on her in the form of voice, and the interest of the audience was thereby secured. Of tenors there were two, of basses four. Why there should be two-fold of the latter is known only to the concert-giver. Perhaps it is because the quartet of deep voices were altogether unexceptionally good, or because the lady's patrons had the excellent taste to prefer depth and sonority to height and delicacy. It is but fair, however, to acknowledge the tenderness of accent that moved the audience to recall Mr W. H. Cummings in "Edith's song." Mention should also be made of the harp solos by Mr John Thomas.—S. H.

M. J. HOLLMAN (Violoncellist to H.I.M the King of the Netherlands), whose performances were much appreciated at Messrs Gatti's Promenade Concerts, last year, gave a morning concert in the large hall of the Dilettante Club, on Tuesday, the 29th of June. He was assisted by M<sup>d</sup>lles Badia and Victoria de Bunsen, Signor Isidor de Lara, M. Henry Loge (pianoforte), and Signor Isidor Schnitzler (violin). The accompanist was Signor Visetti.

CONCERT AT STEINWAY HALL.—On Wednesday afternoon a concert was given by Lady Jenkinson in aid of the funds of the Putney Hospital for Incurables, which brought a very full audience to the new hall near Portman Square. Lady Jenkinson herself, an amateur pianist of more than common ability, took a considerable share in the programme, among other things playing, with Messrs Weist Hill and W. E. Whitehouse (violin and violoncello), the pianoforte part in Haydn's favourite G major trio; with Mr John Thomas (harp), that composer's popular duet upon airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*; and with Mr Weist Hill, the eminent violinist and conductor, the *Andante* with variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata. Lady Jenkinson also accompanied M<sup>d</sup>lle Therese Castellan in Alard's violin solo on airs from *Rigoletto*, a performance to be unreservedly commended, as the audience showed by the very warm applause and re-call at the conclusion. Further than this, Lady Jenkinson played (and was encored in) Thalberg's characteristic "Etude" in A minor, which, a quarter of a century ago, used to be the rage among pianists. Solos on the harp and violoncello, by Mr John Thomas and Mr W. E. Whitehouse, together with a duet for pianoforte and violin on "Hungarian Airs," by MM. Carolus Agghazy and Jeno Hubay (the one recently introduced at the concert of Sir Julius Benedict), swelled the attractions of the instrumental department. The singers were Misses Wakefield and Minna Vivian, Messrs Theophile Marzials and Santley, and the vocal selection was, in its way, as lively and pleasant as the instrumental. We cannot enter into details, but may single out, as worthy special notice, a ballad by Miss Maude Valerie White (Mendelssohn scholar), entitled "I prithee give me back my heart," which, admirably given by Mr Santley (accompanied on the piano by the composer), won hearty recognition. It is hoped that the Hospital for Incurables, in which Lady Jenkinson takes so much interest, may derive some material

benefit from this concert, which was held under distinguished patronage, the charges for tickets, reserved and unreserved, being regulated accordingly at a high tariff.

HERR GUNNAR FOGELBERG gave an evening concert in the hall of the Dilettante Circle, Argyll Street, Regent Street, on Saturday last. He was ably assisted by the following artists:—Miss Hope Glenn, Miss Beata Francis, M<sup>d</sup>me Frances Hodson, MM. Henry Logé and Carlo Melis. Mons. Hollman, violoncellist to the King of the Netherlands, roused the artistic sympathies of his audience in a solo by Goltermann, also rendering most effectively the *obligato* part in the aria by Gounod, "Quando a te lieta," capably sung by Miss Hope Glenn. This lady was also loudly applauded for her artistic delivery of "The Old Organist," by Piusuti. Miss Beata Francis in Donizetti's romance from *Parisina*, "Sogno talor de correre," and Sullivan's "My dearest heart," gave evidence that she is making good progress in the art of voice cultivation. M<sup>d</sup>me Frances Hodson sang an aria from *Guillaume Tell*, besides joining Herr Fogelberg in a duetto. Mr Mellis gave "The Bellringer" (Wallace), and an aria from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, entitled "Eritu," with much acceptance. The Swedish Vocal Sextet, consisting of Hrr. Hugo Lutteman, Fredrik Erikson, Svante Smedberg, Thor Lundgren, Axel Fischer, and Edvard Düring, gave some national part-songs. Cavaliere Alfonso Guercia and Signor Luigi Denza were the conductors. The concert was well attended.—W. H.

THE many friends and admirers of Signor Arditi assembled at St George's Hall on the occasion of his annual morning concert. In the first part, which was exclusively musical, Signors Foli, Runcio and Galassi, Misses Purday and Farbstein, were highly successful in a variety of songs. Next followed the cottage scene from Lord Lytton's *Lady of Lyons*, which afforded Miss Giulietta Arditi an opportunity to display her histrionic talent as Pauline. The young lady was completely successful, and even more so later in the afternoon, when she appeared as Juliet in the Balcony Scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr Romaine Walker again appeared with Miss Giulietta Arditi, and impersonated Romeo. "We do not remember," writes the *Era*, "for many a year a more promising debut." Miss Arditi has many and great qualifications. In the first place she possesses a sweet, musical voice, clear and distinct, and of sufficient volume to meet all requirements, and her tones were well modulated and full of expression. She entered into the spirit of the play with the fullest comprehension of what was demanded of her, and in every respect her rendering of Juliet was satisfactory. There was all the passion and all the tenderness the most exacting Shakspearian student could desire, and the delivery of the text was marked by an intelligence that promised great things for the future. It is our unfortunate duty to tell aspirants only too often that they have mistaken their vocation. But it is not so with Miss Giulietta Arditi, who claims our admiration in no ordinary degree. We believe Miss Arditi capable of achieving something quite out of the common way, and shall look forward with interest to her future labours. The reception the young lady met with was most flattering and encouraging. After the dramatic scenes there was another interesting selection of vocal pieces, in which Signor Del Puente, Mesdames Marie Roze and Trebelli took part, each of the three contributing a solo, and the two ladies introducing with great effect the graceful serenata from Boito's *Mefistofele*. A ballet by the pupils of the "National Training School for Dancing," arranged by Madame Kattie Lanner, brought the whole to an end agreeably.

On Thursday evening, July 1, Mrs Gould gave a successful concert at Steinway Hall, in aid of the Female School of Art, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. The artists were Mrs Osgood, Miss Elene Webster, Miss Damian, M<sup>d</sup>me Isabel Fassett, Messrs B. McGuckin, W. F. Enderby, Thorndike, W. Clifford, Mrs Gould (pianist), M. Ovide Musin (violinist), and M. Libotton (violoncellist). The music throughout the evening was worthy of the highest praise, especially the playing of Mrs Gould, whose softness of touch and brilliancy of execution showed her to be one of the best pianists of the day. Of the instrumental pieces the best were a duo (violin and cello) between MM. Musin and Libotton, and a solo (violoncello) by M. Libotton, and "Airs Russes," by Mrs Gould and M. Musin. Of the songs, "Donald Blain," sung by M<sup>d</sup>me Isabel Fassett, "Love has eyes," sung by Miss Webster, "The Miller's Daughter," sung by Mr Thorndike, and accompanied by the composer, Ciro Piusuti, and "Who shall be fairest," sung by Mr Enderby, were very well rendered; but the success of the evening was reserved for Mrs Osgood, whose singing of Ciro Piusuti's "I love my love," and Mrs Gould's "The Time of Roses," met with an enthusiastic reception. In both songs Mrs Osgood was accompanied by the composers.—*The Bazaar*.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS' *matinée* to exhibit the progress made by his pupils during the last twelvemonth, was given at Langham Hall, on Monday morning, July 5. The young ladies acquitted them-

selves in all particulars extremely well, reflecting credit on their popular and experienced teacher. The most prominent among the pupils were Miss Stacey, who played two *Lieder ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn (the *andante* and *presto* from Book 6), and Miss Samuel, who accompanied her master in Mendelssohn's *Allegro Brillante*, in A major, for two performers on one pianoforte. Mr Richards also played solos by J. S. Bach and others; and last, not least, some of his own compositions, including an *Allegretto*, entitled "Autrefois," with arrangements of the ancient Welsh melodies, "Come to battle," and the "Morgan March." The programme was pleasantly interspersed with vocal music, the singers being Mdme Bolingbroke, Misses Florence Norman and Spencer Jones, Messrs George and Sydney Tower. Miss Spencer Jones was warmly applauded in the concert-giver's much admired song, "Forgotten," to which she imparted genuine expression. Messrs George Hooper and Cullen accompanied.

HERR OTTO BOOTH gave his sixth violin recital on Saturday, July 3rd, at 13, Berners Street, assisted by Miss Eugenie Kemble and Mr Fulkerson, who contributed songs by Stigelli, Cowen, and Otto Booth. The violin solos on this occasion were Max Bruch's Concerto, the *Elegie*, of Ernst, a Fugue in G by J. S. Bach, an Andante by Spohr, and Polonaise by Wieniawski.

Mdlle VICTORIA DE BUNSEN gave a concert in the large hall of the "Dilettante Circle," on Thursday evening, June 24, assisted by the Swedish Vocal Sextet, Mdme Cécile Lefort (from the Opéra Lyrique, Paris), the Mdles Badia; Signors Vergara and Rizzelli also lending their aid; Mdle Felicia de Bunsen (pianoforte), Herr Hollman (violin), and Mr Oberthür (harp), formed the instrumental company. The room was fully and fashionably attended, some of the most distinguished Swedish families in London being present. Mdle Victoria de Bunsen sang the cavatina, "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*), the "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and two Swedish ballads. All pleased, but the national melodies were so greatly to the taste of the audience, that repeated applause induced Mdle de Bunsen to come back and repeat them. Mdle Felicia de Bunsen was "called" after both solos (a "Romance Variée" and a "Polka de Concert," of her own composition), and a similar distinction was conferred upon Herr Oberthür after his harp solos ("Fantaisie" on *Martha* and "Clouds and Sunshine"). Signor Li Calai was accompanist.

THE sixty-fifth and last concert of the fourteenth summer season of the Schubert Society took place on Thursday, the 1st July, at Langham Hall, for the benefit of Herr Director Schubert. The first part was devoted to compositions by Benedict, Spohr, and Weber. The concert opened with Spohr's "Grand Trio Concertante," Op. 124, played by Herren Hause (pianoforte), Otto Booth (violin), and Schubert (violin). The other concerted pieces were Weber's "Grand Quartet in B flat major," Op. 8, in which the before-named were joined by Herr Schneider (viola), and a duet for pianoforte and violoncello by Benedict and Piatti, played by Herr Hause and Herr Schubert. The programme also included two songs by Benedict—"The Bird that came in Spring" (Miss Eugenie Kemble) and "Hope" (Miss Ellen M. Walby). The second part was miscellaneous, the members taking part being Misses Alice Parry, Mary and Annie Chatterton, and Amietti Ivanova (who sang a new ballad by Mr Treffry, accompanied by the composer). M. Saint-Saëns played two of his favourite compositions; Mr Pearson introduced new songs by Cellier and Cowen; and Mr W. T. Cope contributed one of his popular recitals. Herr Schubert conducted; the hall was full and the concert in every way successful.

MR S. LEHMEYER's annual concert took place on Monday evening, July 5, at the rooms of the "Art and Literary Club" Argyle Street, before a crowded and intelligent audience. Mr Lehmeier has maintained his position as a leading professor of the pianoforte at the London Academy of Music for some years, and at his concerts something good and "classical" is always expected. Nor was expectation balked on this occasion. Among the principal instrumental pieces in his programme were Sir Julius Benedict's Introduction and Transcription of Chopin's Posthumous Mazurka for four performers on two pianofortes; a polonaise by Chopin for pianoforte and violoncello, (MM. Lehmeier and Otto Leu); a "group" of pieces by Chopin and Raff, for pianoforte alone (Herr Lehmeier); a *Fantaisie Hongroise* for violin, (with pianoforte accompaniment, Miss D'Egville), composed and performed by Mr Louis D'Egville; and solos for the violin by Herr Otto Leu. The singers were Mdle Delest, Mesdames Palmrye, Emes and Emilie de Witt, Misses Annabel Gray and Maclean, Messrs Herbert Mayhew and D'Arcy Ferris. The chief honours fell to Mdme Emes in a *Lied* by Schenk; Mdme de Witt in a song by Seuderi, Mdle Delest (from the Opéra Lyrique, Paris), in an aria from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, and a cavatina by Verdi. MM. Ganz and Lehmeier were accompanists. All passed off to the general satisfaction.—W.D.D.

# CELINE (LOLOTTE) CHAUMONT.

In the one-act comedy, *Lolotte*, played for the first time at the Gaiety on Tuesday night, those indefatigable authors MM. Meilhac and Halévy have taken Mdme Chaumont's exact measure, and fitted her to perfection, the result being an inimitable impersonation. Lolotte is supposed to be a *bouffe* actress, a line of business which, belonging strictly to neither burlesque, vaudeville, comic opera, nor comedy, yet including something of each, comes properly under the professional distinction of "eccentric," and constitutes a *spécialité*. Once imagine this professional type, invent the necessary situations for the best display of her peculiarities, and, looking all round the Parisian stage, at the moment there is probably no one so thoroughly competent to embody such a conception as Mdme Céline Chaumont. The opportunities for graphic portraiture afforded by the slight plot of this *petite comédie* are contrived with sufficient ingenuity to allow of continual variation, according to the fancy of the authors and actress. Lolotte comes by invitation to teach La Baronne Pouf (Mdme Legault) how to play a dual part in some amateur theatricals. This framework is so elastic that the artist need not be always limited to the impersonation of a *paysanne* or a *chevalier*, but, the motive of the piece remaining the same, the characters assumed by Lolotte during the half hour of dramatic instruction could be changed from time to time, and prove a fresh source of attraction.

La Baronne Pouf, being afraid lest her husband (Pellerin) should be scandalized by the appearance in his house of so presumably questionable a visitor as Mdle Lolotte, politely requests the Baron to absent himself for an hour or so. The complaisant husband—a mere lay figure in the piece, as he evidently is in his own *ménage*—accedes to Madame's wish, and obligingly leaves her with his friend *ce cher* Croisilles (M. Guillemot), who, it is almost superfluous to add, being once alone with his friend's wife, at once makes loves to her, in the character, however, of the lady's accepted *cavalier servant*. This M. Croisilles, being a large-hearted young man, is also *l'amant de Lolotte*, and, unfortunately for him on this particular occasion, Lolotte is really madly in love with him. He is, therefore, not absolutely delighted when his *tête-à-tête* with La Baronne is cut short by the arrival of Mdle Lolotte, who, to the astonishment of *la baronne*, but not at all to that of Croisilles, drives up to the door in a perfectly appointed carriage and pair, and, after being formally announced, enters the drawing-room elegantly attired in the best possible taste. As Lolotte, Mdme Chaumont's assumption of society manners is simply delicious, and her distant curtsy on M. Croisilles being presented to her receives additional point from being brought into sharp contrast with her suspicious aside to him—most naturally whispered while *la baronne* is giving orders to the servant—demanding what business he has to be here. The sudden transition of manner is the key of the whole performance; the merit of the impersonation lies in the consummate art with which Mdme Chaumont's Lolotte, while successfully imposing herself on *la baronne* as a person used to the very best society, never allows the audience to forget that all the time she is only the wicked, *très chic* *comédienne* of the *bouffe* stage. She thoroughly enjoys her pupil's *gaucherie* in attempting to imitate the inimitable, and she takes the audience into her confidence from first to last, not as appearing conscious of their existence as spectators, but sharing the joke with them as part and parcel of herself, while for *la baronne's* amateur efforts she evinces the politest possible consideration. Lolotte's acting is to *la baronne*, not to the audience, and this gives the charm of reality to the situation. Hearing that the theatricals are for a charity, Lolotte refuses the money proffered her by her pupil as the fee for the lesson. Here her graceful action, slight in itself, produces a marked effect, while her sly, inquiring glance into the *baronne's* eyes, as she bids her a stately adieu, suggests that the motive for the handsome donation has a somewhat mixed character. But all the stateliness, all the fine airs and graces, are thrown to the winds when she discovers the man with whom she is in love pressing the hand of *la baronne*. *Grande dame* and *chic* actress disappear, and we have before us the veritable Lolotte, the child of the gutter and the stage, brought up by parents in the lowest rank of the theatrical profession—"v là le sang que j'ai dans les veines"—and ready on the slightest additional provocation *sauter aux yeux* of the woman who has dared even to flirt with the man *dont elle est folle*. The Baron enters, but Lolotte has lost her temper, and not the presence of an Emperor would restrain her now. She yields to her impulse, she will have her fling, and then, having gained her point and secured her lover, she turns to the utterly *foudroyé* Baron, and politely explains to him that he has only witnessed the finishing touch of the dramatic lesson she has been giving his wife, and which she trusts she will not forget. With this she commands Croisilles to conduct her to her carriage, and the piece is at an end. Altogether, in view of the present selection of pieces,

it may be safely said that Mdme Chaumont is at her best in Lolotte. The piece took immensely with the audience, and must be ranked among the Palais Royal successes of the present season.—*Times*.

#### BOÏTO'S MEFISTOFELE.

In March, 1868, the amateurs of Milan were invited to go to the Scala and pass judgment upon a new opera called *Mefistofele*, written, both words and music, by a young man named Arrigo Boito. The composer, although no previous work stood to his credit or discredit, was not exactly an obscure man, but what the Milanese public knew of him could scarcely have been a recommendation to minds prejudiced against change. After leaving the Conservatory in 1862, at the close of nine years' training, Boito started as a musical critic and poet, attracting notice in both capacities by the vigour and boldness of his work. The young man's motto seems to have been that of Danton, "L'audace, encore l'audace, et toujours l'audace;" and the publication of a poem, *Il Re Orso*, succeeded in drawing to him the regards both of the friends and enemies of innovation. All this time it may have been thought that he had abandoned the idea of practising music, whereas in reality he was slowly and surely perfecting a remarkable opera. Gounod began writing portions of his *Faust* nineteen years before that masterpiece was produced, and as far back as 1861, when he had no more than arrived at man's estate, Boito addressed himself with ardour to *Mefistofele*. It is said that two other lyric dramas shared his attention at this period, but in all things *Mefistofele* had precedence, and the Milanese were substantially called upon to declare whether the musical labours of seven years had or had not been wasted. They pronounced an adverse verdict without hesitation. The opera violated all their cherished traditions, and every means that a public experienced at such work could devise was employed to "damn" it past redemption. But the composer and his method had friends, between whom and the "enemy" so violent a contest raged that authority stepped in and took away, as from two quarrelsome dogs, the bone of contention. Boito then fell back upon his poetry, and did not disdain the task, generally regarded as humble, of writing librettos for other musicians. He provided Franco Faccio with the book of *Aniello*, which opera also the Milanese hooted off their stage as early as possible, Signor Coronaro and Signor Ponchielli being likewise fortunate enough to enjoy the dramatic co-operation of their gifted countryman. But Boito had more sense than to abandon musical composition because of a first failure. Besides completing an opera on the subject of Hero and Leander, he overhauled *Mefistofele* and made important changes. The first version was a great deal too prolix and disconnected, as will readily be understood when we say that it contained, besides what is now presented, the prologue in the theatre, the gold scene in the Imperial palace, and the fantastical business in which Helen and Paris are invoked, while the battle between the true and false Emperors was described by an *intermezzo sinfonico* with chorus after the fourth act. All this Boito cut away with a ruthless hand, modifying other parts, and taking as much care to conciliate public opinion as conscience would allow. His judgment, not less than his genius, was soon triumphantly vindicated. Bologna, the Italian home of musical liberalism, accepted the amended work, and produced it at the Teatro Comunale, Oct. 4, 1875, with the greatest possible good fortune, the principal artists being Mdme Borghi-Mamo, Signor Campanini, and Signor Nanetti. More than twenty times was the composer called before the curtain to hear Bologna reverse the verdict of Milan, and to see his opera placed high among the masterpieces honoured by a public singularly proud of its advanced tastes. London is inclined, it would appear, to go with the city that applauded rather than with the one that hissed, for we have already described the first performance on Tuesday night as an extraordinary success.

In constructing the book of *Mefistofele* from the materials of Goethe's drama, Boito took a course very different from, and much more risky than, that followed by the authors of Gounod's libretto. The French master's work should really be called *Marguerite*, since it is limited to the particular episode in Goethe which treats of the Doctor's hapless victim. Margaret was all-in-all with Gounod's colleagues, who thus showed themselves wise men in their generation, since we care for Faust only as he is connected with one of the most intensely human and pathetic of dramatic characters, and when Margaret dies he disappears well-

nigh unheeded. On the other hand, Boito's opera should be called *Faust*, for the simple reason that Faust is the central figure of the work. It may be asked, Why, then, does the author style it *Mefistofele*? The answer is that from his point of view, *Mefistofele* is the right designation. Boito's controlling idea lies in the wager between the powers of good and evil, and the sole active agent in deciding that wager appropriately gives his name to the opera. But circumstances are stronger than the intentions of Signor Boito, and, as a matter of fact, the outcome of the contest between Heaven and Hell interests us far less than the person and fate of Faust. It is always thus when humanity, of which we are part, becomes mixed up with the supernatural, which lies out of ourselves and at too great a distance to be comprehended. We let our sympathies go forth to what we know, and gather round the being whose motives and feelings are intelligible to us. In *Mefistofele*, therefore, we are not absorbed by the author's hero and his bet with the Deity; but by the man Faust, as he yields to the wiles of the Tempter, and is finally saved, "yet so as by fire." It follows that the opera misses its chief mark; but, happily, so great is the power of the alternative that no serious results follow. Faust is worth betting on, even by mighty potentialities like those here involved. Yet the writer of a *Faust* libretto must needs encounter a formidable difficulty, and one that Boito has certainly not overcome. Interesting as is the hero, he takes a second place the moment Margaret appears, and when Margaret dies we are conscious of a void that nothing can fill. There is not the smallest need to insist upon this, nor even to account for it. The thing explains itself, and it will always be in the experience of Boito's opera, that attention flags from the moment the curtain descends on the mournful and touching catastrophe of the prison. What to us, after that too real scene, is the fanciful union of the romantic and the classic in the persons of Faust and Helen, or even the salvation of Faust and the discomfiture of the Devil? We cannot forget the pathetic spectacle, and the profound mystery, of undeserved suffering and death, with which Margaret absorbs and shocks us. From these general considerations of the very nature of the case we reach two conclusions, first, that the author's primary idea of the wager takes secondary rank, and that the actual hero of the drama is weakened by comparison with a character no more than episodic in the scheme of the work. Yet even against these drawbacks, which no genius could avoid, the libretto makes headway and touches the border of success, if it do not actually cross over into the desired haven.—D. T.

(To be continued.)

#### WAIFS.

Sig. Tamberlik has won 100,000 francs in a Spanish lottery.

Signora Anna d'Angeri was stopping a short time since in Venice.

The Theatres Royal, Dresden, closed on the 1st inst., to re-open on the 31st.

Mdlle Heilbron will probably be engaged to sing in *Mignon* at the Scala, Milan.

Sig. B. Franchetti, manager of the Italian opera at Odessa, was lately in Milan.

Sig. Ponchielli's *Gioconda* was exceedingly attractive at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence.

Markull's choral work, *Ajax*, has been successfully performed at Dantzic and Thorn.

Verdi has accepted the Perpetual Honorary Presidency of the Istituzione Rossini, Bologna.

*La Juive* was recently announced in Boston (U.S.), but was postponed on account of the heat.

Another theatre, the Théâtre de la grande Rue de la Guillotière, has been burnt down at Lyons.

The Florence *Sistro* announces that Sig. Fancelli is engaged for next season at the Scala, Milan.

It is said that the Brothers Strakosch have secured Marie van Zandt for a season in the States.

Mdlle Matten, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, has been created a Royal Chamber-Singer of Saxony.

Mdlle Anna de Belocca has returned from America, and is stopping with her father in St Petersburg.

A comic opera, *Uno Scherso per Gelosia*, by Sig. Vicara, was a failure at the Teatro Capranica, Rome.



Sig. G. Depanis, manager of the Teatro Regio, Turin, was lately in Paris, and by this time will probably be in London.

Herr von Hulsen, Intendant-General of the Prussian Theatres Royal, is drinking the waters at Wildbad in Wurtemberg.

Herr von Dingelstedt is drinking the waters at Carlsbad previously to entering on his new functions at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Mdlle Bianchi will, between the 10th and 16th inst., give three performances, for which she is to receive 5,000 marks, at Kroll's Theater, Berlin.

Herr Julius Price was recently presented with the Gold Cross for Merit on his twenty-fifth anniversary as solo dancer at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Sig. Auteri-Manzocchi has written a new prelude to his opera, *Stella*, besides adding a short one to the third act. He has been created a Knight of Saints Maurice and Lazarus.

There are five theatres in Barcelona. Of these the Liceo accommodates about 4,000 spectators; the Circo, 2,000; the Teatro Romea, 1,600; the Teatro Principal, 1,400; and the Odeon, 1,200.

FIRE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE.—Mr T. Moring, of 44, High Holborn, requests us to state that the damage done to his premises by the fire at the Duke's Theatre was very slight, and will not in any way affect his business.

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